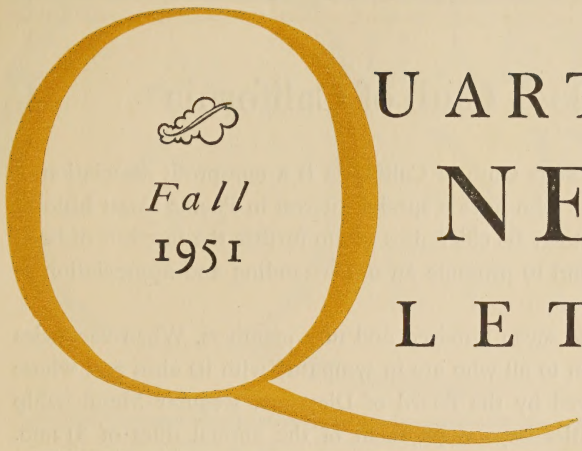


QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER

VOLUME XVI NUMBER 4

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Fall
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QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER

Ambrose Bierce Writes about War

*by Paul Fatout**

IN 1898, when Ambrose Bierce was feuding with Hearst editors and sporadically conducting his column, "Prattle," for the San Francisco *Examiner*, the opera bouffe war with Spain allowed him to discourse upon one of his favorite subjects, military doings. Like other columnists who climb out on too many limbs, he did not always know what he was talking about, but he did know a good deal about war. A veteran of the bloody battles of Shiloh, Chickamauga, Stone River, the Atlanta campaign, and Nashville, schooled by that excellent tactician, General Hazen, Bierce was a qualified commentator. He had a right to endorse his own competence by remarking that "When a man writes on military matters without some degree of special training, study and the technical knowledge so obtained, he makes a fool of himself in the first sentence, in the last and in all the

*Paul Fatout is an associate professor of English at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, and has been on their staff since 1927. Dr. Fatout has contributed to many publications, including *Harpers*, *The American Scholar*, *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, *American Prefaces*, *The Musical Quarterly*, and The Shakespeare Association *Bulletin*. His book, *Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Lexicographer*, is a 1951 publication of the University of Oklahoma Press.

intermediate sentences." Following the course of the Spanish imbroglio from his mountain retreat at Los Gatos, and firing frequent salvos entitled "War Topics," he was a more shrewd observer than newsmen at the front.

While frenzied reporters dispatched from Cuba and vicinity windy stories inflated with screaming patriotism and star-spangled sentiment, he punctured bombast with sober analysis laced with customary Bierceian acid. "The war correspondents," he said, "are very good to give us so many glorious victories . . . That was 'a famous victory' at Matanzas . . . True, nobody on either side was hurt, despite the 'terrible accuracy' of the American fire, which was seen (by the correspondents) to blow entire garrisons into the air, fearfully and wonderfully dismembered." The habit of conjuring a great "victory" out of every broadside was laconically deflated: "If we credit our naval commanders with an intention to do anything more serious than make a great noise and retire under cover of the echo we must admit failure after failure—an unbroken succession of aborted endeavors."

About romanticized drawings of men in action, he sniffed, "The art of falling dead theatrically is not much cultivated in military circles. It is apparently a product of the studio." Of the syrupy transfiguration of our boys into pure and white-robed crusaders, he asked, "Why should the privilege of being shot . . . be coterminous with a condition of notorious personal morality? Why must the United States Army of today . . . be composed of lambs, angels and saints?" The smug, God-with-us attitude infecting newspapers and stagy words of commanders brought forth the sardonic remark, ". . . one finds a difficulty in conceiving Jesus Christ in command of a battleship; and it might be as well not to represent God the Father as a rear-admiral of the American navy."

Annoyed by the technical ignorance of reporters, he proposed a school that "could turn out correspondents able to grasp the distinction between a redoubt and a battery of horse artillery and immune from the conviction that an armistice is a place where they keep guns." The glamorous Richard Harding Davis rated a nice mixture of faint praise restrained by insidious damns: "Mr. Davis cannot write . . . but the difference between a parapet and a brigade is fairly clear to him, and he knows a good fight

when he sees it through his telescope—that is, he knows it is a fight."

All that pushed so hard-headedly against the torrent of sentimental guff that he was denounced in sharp letters from Constant Reader. The public wanted glory soaked in molasses, and got it by the barrel. Yet, the Bierce realism makes him an analyst in the modern manner, worthy a respectable place among multitudinous experts who, in our day of wars cold and hot, congest air waves and editorial pages. Indeed, his whole estimate of the Spanish War forestalls the uncomplimentary Twentieth Century verdict of historians on that absurd and unnecessary affair. Before hostilities commenced, he said, "To all appearance . . . every demand that we have made upon Spain has been conceded . . . It is difficult to discern . . . what is left to us to quarrel about." Nevertheless, egged on by high-powered journalism compounded of more hysteria than sense, quarrel we did.

He soon ferreted out the political implications camouflaged by howling indignation over the insult to national honor in the sinking of the *Maine*. "This is a war of conquest," he said; "If it had not been it might have been brought to a triumphant conclusion without enlisting a single soldier. We had only to destroy Spain's navy by a prompt, bold and persistent initiative . . ." Before Dewey annihilated the Spanish fleet at Manila, Bierce observed, "That we shall add the Philippines, Porto Rico, and eventually Hawaii is as nearly 'manifest destiny' as it is given to anything to be in a world from which design and fate have not expelled chance. All this means an increasing increase in our navy. If eager to grasp we must be strong to keep." That was a sensible view, which United States policy required some forty years of mulling over and some tons of bombs to overtake.

He reached another interesting conclusion that time has proved accurate. Clearly seeing that conquest meant a new American position in the community of nations, he said:

> Whatever may be the future position of the United States in international politics: whether we shall adhere to our traditional policy of self-sufficient isolation, non-intervention in the affairs of the Old World and unquestionable dominance in those of the New; whether we are to remain content with continental possessions, or join in the general scramble for colonial expansion . . . however these momentous questions

> may be answered by events impossible to foresee, it is clear enough that we are conducting this war, if not with a view, yet in a way, to promote the larger scheme.

Apparently, he sensed native reluctance to measure up to the demands of "the larger scheme." He could not know, naturally, that about fifty years must elapse before anything like a majority of Americans believed that their country shared responsibility for the welfare of the world.

Of wild and whirling words about liberation and liberty, he wrote sane remarks that might well be pondered by all political philosophers and by all modern citizens: "Nations are like individuals: some are worthy of liberty, others are not; and the same is true of peoples in relation to their rulers. When asked if I am not an advocate of liberty I ask in my turn: 'Whose liberty to do what?'" The question may be asked of racketeers, of Congressmen, of irresponsible editors, and of anybody greedily pursuing selfish ends. Not all Americans have yet learned that liberty is two-sided, and that the obverse of privilege is obligation.

The military aspects of the war aroused only contempt for a campaign fouled up by bumbling commanders, by interference from Washington, and by shocking disorganization. More men were casualties of disease than of enemy action. The American fighter, Bierce thought, was as good as any, but poorly led. Generals Miles and Shafter directed un-co-ordinated attacks, and Admiral Sampson and his navy blazed away ineffectually at various forts and shore batteries. "Again and again," snorted Bierce, "has this Lord of Noise demonstrated the futility of attacking forts with ships, excepting in co-operation with troops." Yes, even in mid-twentieth century, not all the superheated plans for a push-button war have outmoded the infantryman.

For our soldiers, sweating in a tropical climate under pounds of equipment and heavy woolen blues, Bierce offered the practical suggestion of a light cotton uniform. "It really seems," he said, "as if we might without dishonor make some small concessions to Nature in countries where we find her in alliance with Spain, even if we have to forego the allegiance of the American manufacturer of woolen goods, worthy and well-protected gentleman that he is." A useful idea, but the ponderous military mind works too slowly to accept sense right off. Not until World

War II did "brass hats" discover that comfort is not incompatible with combat efficiency.

He was at least partly right in predicting that "the navy of the future will consist altogether of battleships, cruisers and gunboats," though mistaken in dismissing the newfangled submarine as merely a negligible curiosity. Navies, he said, would become obsolete "when the airship, dropping out of heaven a missile whose detonation will reverberate around the world, shall sweep the entire set of pawns and pieces forever off the watery board." That sweeping change has not yet come to pass, though one-track air force specialists would no doubt argue that it should.

Toward the end of the brief fracas, Bierce summed up in typical fashion:

> The Latin race has had its day . . . We can conquer these people without half trying, for we belong to the race of gluttons and drunkards to whom dominion is given over the abstemious. We are descendants and successors of the robber barons, the villeins and the carls of medieval days who, unlike in all else, felt the fellowship of drink and bloodshed—gorged themselves torpid upon roast boar, swilled mead out of cow's-horns until incapable, and after a swinish sleep overran a province or two by way of picking themselves up for another bout at the trenches and the tun. We are successors to the Berserkers, who fought all comers and all stayers, and drank themselves shivering drunk in every part of Europe. We are of the blood of the English, who with seventy thousand devotees of the great Belly God, to whom they offer abundant sacrifice of beef and grog, can hold in subjection . . . two hundred and fifty million Asiatic vegetarians and teetotalers.

Now that the British have withdrawn from India, now that hordes of Asiatic vegetarians seethe with miscellaneous ideologies, one would like to hear Bierce comments. If they could be broadcast from beyond the Styx, they might be illuminating, and they would assuredly be entertaining.

The none-too-glorious conflict with Spain seemed to him "A Freak War." Both amused by its dotty stupidities and irritated by American ineptitude, he concluded that the United States won only because our side was outfumbled by the enemy, and tossed a last grenade at official incompetence: "Hostilities with Spain having ended, the Secretary of War can give his undivided attention to fighting."

De Vinne's Paradise Revisited

on a Summer Summary &c.

*by Ray Nash**

THE Plantin-Moretus Museum was headquarters for the Summer job, so the following notes are primarily on Belgium and such of its typobiblio-calligraphic manifestations as came to view—and come to mind. Of the fortnight in France and a bit longer in England, my observations must make a most soulful play for wit by their extreme brevity.

When T. L. De Vinne reported on his visit to the Plantin-Moretus Museum only a few years after the family in 1876 turned the property over to the city, he called it a printer's paradise. D. B. Updike said of it, "The Officina Plantiniana—more a palace than a printing house—in the Marché du Vendredi at Antwerp, has long been, and still is (as the Musée Plantin), one of the sights of Europe. It is probably the most beautiful building—both inside and out—dedicated to the uses of printing, in the world; nor is there any other establishment which gives such an accurate idea of an early printing house." In conclusion, he recalled, "The place is full of charm, and its sunny, vine-clad courtyard a haunt of ancient peace."

But modern warfare broke into the peaceful picture. The old building stood up to the pounding that pulverized the nearby waterfront. Then a V-2 robot bomb struck the small Friday market-place only thirty yards in front of the museum's east wing, which was, as the *conservateur* said in a letter, "*gravement sinistrée.*" His photographs showed the walls buttressed by heavy timbers, murals perforated by flying steel, and bricks peering through the jagged holes in an office lined with leather as "richly gilt" as any deluxe binding could boast.[1]

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*Ray Nash is printing advisor and lecturer in art at Dartmouth College and is widely known as an authority on the history of printing.

[1] As soon as the damage was known, a number of American printers and publishers joined in sending an attractive lot of current books on printing and graphic

When I arrived, the main entrance to the museum was blocked by a crisscross of scaffolding, and masons were relaying some of the unsafe stonework high on the façade. The courtyard, heaped with sand piles, echoed to the rasp of hoe on mortar box. Much remained to be done before everything would be put to rights for the public reopening scheduled for the Summer of 1951.

The wonder is that the collections had been kept safe, all hidden away in good time by a trouble-wise museum staff. Now their contents were laid out for classification—for instance, thirty feet of table laden with punches, row after row, in every size and many faces; cabinets containing 15,000 woodblocks; and other chests heavy with copperplates, many of them bearing designs of old masters, including Rubens and Van Dyck; the great library of manuscripts and printed books, those produced under the Plantin roof and those gathered for the savants who, from Justus Lipsius on, were always connected with the press. In the imprimerie, the celebrated fonts lay ready in their ancient cases and three of the venerable presses were being put in commission by Émile, a staff member who, both artist and craftsman, has ambitions to make worthy use of the materials under his charge.[2]

Outside the museum, though linked to it as source of inspiration, the Société Plantin Institut Supérieur de Typographie is doubtless the most significant new development in the Benelux area printing field. Pointing out that technological progress is well in hand, the Plantin society feels and seeks to fill the want of attention to good design along with sound craftsmanship. Its

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arts as a gesture of sympathy and good will. The gift was timely, for it encouraged the museum's developing interest in modern work by forming a nucleus for a collection of recent studies and examples. This interest is steadily advancing and becoming more explicit under the leadership of the new curator, Dr. Léon Voet, who is also editor of the scholarly bibliographical journal, *Le Compas d'Or* (*De Gulden Passer*), and a prime mover in the new Société Plantin. Accordingly, I am delighted to eat the following words written after my Belgian Summer of 1937: "There appears . . . to be little or no attempt on the part of the museum to extend the Plantin influence to the current movement in graphic arts. Similarly, interest seemed slight in any approach other than by the well-worn academic road—and even this does not include a knowledge of the work of Updike or other American and English authorities."

[2] This intelligent interest in the materials and respect for their proper use present the agreeable opportunity to eat a few more of the words written in 1937: "Unfortunately . . . the last man in the establishment to understand the use of the presses was retired several years ago, and the proofs pulled by an amiable attendant from the aged, brass-plattened press and eroded type would definitely be taken as left-handed compliments by the man they purport to honor."

declared aim is the advancement of printing considered as an art and it plans courses to study typography in both theory and practice from this point of view.

By courtesy of the Amsterdam Typefoundry, I went on a pilgrimage through Holland. The collection of reference books on typography, filling the walls of a great, handsomely decorated room at the head offices on the Bilderdijkstraat, I hold particularly in memory as a place to go back to; Dr. G. W. Ovink, art director of the foundry, is their master and, as students in the field have reason to know, puts them to excellent use. In the shipping room, I observed the ranks of gleaming types being packed for export under the label of a new overseas company, Amsterdam Continental Types and Graphic Equipment, New York. At Haarlem, I spent a morning with Mr. J. Van Krimpen —famous in America as designer of the Lutetia types—in the historic printing house and typefoundry of Joh. Enschedé en Zonen. Between times, in accordance with old custom, I haunted the galleries, print shops and bookshops—where hard-headed Dutch dealers, feeling further devaluation in the air, had priced their wares beyond possession and almost beyond temptation.

In Belgium again, there were many delightful interruptions to serious work. One afternoon, Unigra (Union des Industries Graphiques et du Livre) had me over to the Palais d'Egmont for what they called a *thé intime*. On arrival, I was led out before an audience fronted by a row of decoratively costumed doyens, seated beside the Count Moretus-Plantin at the high speakers' table glorious with Belgian and American colors and, from speeches (calling for neat response in French) to refreshments, I was target of all the good will toward America that these Belgians apparently had been saving up for just such an occasion. Usually, the pleasures were quieter, as on the still Sabbath morning in the apartment of Jos Léonard, sipping coffee and gossiping and wheedling glimpses of his fine contributions to book design, while the volumes piled up round us. Or another memorable morning with Messrs. Schauwers and Liebaers of the Bibliothèque Royale over a few of the great national treasures in their care, talking the kind of shop that never palls on those who live with books. Finally, although my old friend, Pierre Oly, honored by his king and confrères, had retired from active direction, I went

to his Établissements Plantin to look over again the organization behind much of the recent technical progress in Belgian printing.

* * *

In Paris, it was the Bibliothèque Nationale's exhibition, *Trésors des Bibliothèques d'Italie*, that calls for special mention. It was a generous outpouring of manuscripts, printed books, and drawings rarely seen, selected to represent the fourth to sixteenth centuries. A catalogue of the 468 items with twenty-five reproductions is published by the Bibliothèque Nationale.

* * *

In London, I made the wonted rounds nagged by a sleepwalker's sense of mixed strangeness and familiarity. Once among the printed books in the British Museum, and especially under the kind direction of Mr. Francis or Mr. Johnson, I felt at home again, in spite of new colors which seem revolutionary to one remembering the old Bloomsbury drab. Out in Kensington, the Victoria and Albert Museum's library was the most natural feeling of all, perhaps because of the perfectly scholarly Mr. Wardrop's way of casually engaging a twelve-year-old boy in a discussion of Leonardo's notebook as they leaf through it. There was a nicely organized book exhibit on view in the gallery, and one in process already indicated the library's strength in the field of humanistic calligraphy by a single caseful of rare pieces in finest condition. In the collection, there are splendid manuscripts written by French and English masters since the Renaissance—including the incomparable teacher, Edward Johnston, and the master of burnished gold, Graily Hewitt. The favors of the Monotype Corporation, always offering "a home from home" to those that be of the craft, were liberally dispensed by Mrs. Beatrice Warde, and there were frequent and pleasant encounters in town with the personalities well known but not often enough seen on this side: for example, Mr. Oliver Simon, to represent printing; Mr. Robert Gibbings of Golden Cockerel Press fame, or Mr. Reynolds Stone, to represent the graphic artist; and Mr. Stanley Morison, who fortunately visits America often enough that an enumeration of his capacities need not be attempted.

Out of town, the best days were at the university towns. Mr. John Dreyfus introduced me to the Cambridge University Press

and to some of the literary riches of the place. At Oxford, I was fascinated most of all by the Bibliography Room in the New Bodleian, presided over by Dr. Herbert Davis, the Swift authority and former president of Smith College. One end of the large room is occupied by the celebrated handpress formerly owned by C. H. O. Daniel, together with a pair of handsome composing stands. The other end is given over to the beautifully housed Strickland Gibson collection, reference books on typography and bibliography, and Dr. Davis's office. Who could be more enviably situated, more inevitably trapped, than the student coming between these forces?

The Tomoyé Press

*by Marion B. Allen**

THE Tomoyé Press, flourishing from 1903 to about 1918, was the press of Paul Elder, San Francisco publisher. It was the press which John Henry Nash, with Paul Elder, made famous, and the press which made Nash famous. Other fine San Francisco printers were concerned with the Tomoyé productions, also; among the first of them, Bruce Brough; and, in 1916, '17, and '18, Ricardo J. Orozco, both of whom afterwards issued books under their own imprints.

By 1903, Paul Elder had been in the publishing business with Morgan Shepard for several years. The early Elder and Shepard books which have been examined were printed by the Stanley-Taylor Company (where Nash was employed until 1901), by the Murdock Press, and at least some half dozen by the Twentieth Century Press. The last group is of particular interest, for the Twentieth Century Press was the predecessor of Tomoyé. The origin of the Tomoyé Press and certain aspects of its early history have been traced through advertisements in a periodical published by Elder and Shepard, then by Paul Elder and Company (as the firm became in 1903), between 1901 and 1905. Since all

*Member of the staff, University of California Library, and specialist in bibliographies of printing.

other sources of information about Elder and Nash so far examined omit all mention of the Twentieth Century Press, these advertisements are here described in some detail.

Personal Impressions, as the Elder periodical was first called, began life in March 1900 as a monthly "magazine of literature and art." In September 1900, it became *Impressions;* and, from January 1902 through its last appearance in December 1905, it was *Impressions Quarterly*, "a little magazine standing for the expression of independent thought in matters of literature and art," and including, as well as literary articles and book reviews, good-sized sections containing advertisements of printers and both Eastern and Western publishers. The Twentieth Century Press was established late in 1901, evidently; an advertisement in December 1902 states that it has been in existence only a year. The first advertisement appears in the issue of March 1902, where the Twentieth Century Press advertises a shop for fine printing at 144 Union Square Avenue, San Francisco, "Established by H. Bruce Brough and J. H. Nash." All the work of the press, according to the advertisement of December 1902, "is done under the personal supervision of Harry Nash and H. Bruce Brough." In March 1903, appeared this statement: "The Tomoyé Press succeeding the Twentieth Century Press. We are incorporating and making large additions to our already well-selected plant, and will continue to print the same class of distinctive work that has attracted so much favorable notice during the past year . . ." In June 1903, the press announced that "We are purchasing the latest and best equipment in Cylinder Presses, Wire Stitchers, Paper Cutters, and Bronzing Machines, etc., in addition to our already well-selected plant . . . The Tomoyé Press will undertake all the details of photography, designing, engraving, writing and printing in connection with the production of announcements, booklets, folders, and all that class of advertising which calls for the best—the successful kind." Paul Elder's connection with the Tomoyé Press was not announced in the advertisements, but subsequent advertisements list Elder publications.

The Tomoyé device, a Japanese symbol, was Elder's. It appeared on the first issue of *Personal Impressions*, and on every issue thereafter. "Tomoyé Memorandums" and a "Tomoyé Catalogue" were advertised by Elder and Shepard at least as early

as September 1901. Whether or not Elder was concerned with the Twentieth Century Press—aside from the Elder publications printed there—is not clear, but his connection with the Tomoyé Press is apparent. Although no exact and dependable statement of the relationship of Elder, Nash, and Brough has been discovered, the history of the Tomoyé Press from 1903 on is part of the history of the Elder publishing firm. Only two Tomoyé Press books have been discovered which were not printed for Elder (both 1903 productions), but, since the principal means of finding Tomoyé Press books was through Elder imprints, others may well exist. A Tomoyé Press advertisement in the December 1904 *Impressions Quarterly* names Bruce Brough president and manager and Harry Nash vice president and superintendent; beyond that date, Brough's responsibility has not been traced, and books were issued in San Francisco in 1907 and 1908 from the "Press of Bruce Brough." As for Nash and Elder, an account by Nell O'Day, Nash's librarian in later days, maintains that Nash had entire responsibility for the design and production of Tomoyé Press books, while Elder managed the business affairs, and between them "The Tomoyé Press produced a series of books, broadsides, booklets, and leaflets that made new printing history and are still collected if any can be found." Whatever the division of responsibility, the Elder-Tomoyé combination certainly proved successful, and the Elder-Nash combination survived the 1906 disaster and subsequent emigration to New York.

After the loss of all their equipment and a large share of their market in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, Elder and Nash transplanted the publishing business and the Tomoyé Press and carried on in New York for three years. During this period, Elder title pages are imprinted "San Francisco and New York." In the *Publishers' Weekly* of May 11, 1907, is a notice of an exhibition which Paul Elder and Company gave at their New York office: new books, the output of the Tomoyé Press, as well as curious editions in rare bindings, pottery, jewelry and other art objects. The firm returned to San Francisco early in 1909, and, a year later, in the *American Bulletin*, Charles A. Murdock reviewed another Elder-Nash exhibition in an article called "An Appreciation of the Work of John Henry Nash, As Reflected in the Exhibition of Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco." "The books

are issued from the Tomoyé Press," he said, "and the Tomoyé Press is Mr. Nash, plus a room 12x20, in the third story, containing a double stand of well-selected type, a Washington handpress, a mitering machine, and a lock-up stone . . . Several years ago, judging from a few examples of his work that were exhibited in New York, a competent critic stated that Mr. Nash ranked as one of the four great printers of America. In view of what he has since accomplished, this number would probably be diminished." His talent, continued Mr. Murdock, had given the Elder-Tomoyé Press productions a world-wide reputation. In a statement in the *American Bulletin* for 1911, Nash himself says, "We have been trying to do hand composition, print on handmade paper, and bind in the finest of handmade covers . . . Every book or booklet we make is made just as carefully as if it represented only one copy for presentation . . . We have made several notable one-copy editions, and many private orders of from twenty-five to one hundred copies." Characteristics of Nash's later style are evident in many of the Tomoyé books, his liking for color and decoration, his borders and rules, and, of course, his thought for every part of his books—paper and binding, as well as type and composition.

In 1911, Nash's connection with the Tomoyé Press and the Elder company ended. Nash joined Edward DeWitt Taylor and Henry Huntley Taylor in the firm of Taylor, Nash & Taylor. Of some 110 Tomoyé books examined, which were produced between 1903 and 1911, forty-four bear Nash's name in the colophons, all published in 1906 and later. Undoubtedly, Nash was also concerned with the other books, as he may have been with Elder publications of this period which do not bear a press name. Some twenty-four of these have been examined.

The history of the Tomoyé Press after Nash's reign has been little investigated. Some sixty-seven books published between 1911 and 1918 have been looked over, however, and their colophons produce the names of three more printers who superintended Tomoyé Press typography: John Bernhardt Swart, whose name appears in twenty-one publications from 1911 to 1915; Herman Funke, in twelve publications of 1915 and 1916; and Ricardo J. Orozco, who later issued books in San Francisco under his own imprint, in four publications of 1917, and one of 1918 which omits the Tomoyé Press name. The Tomoyé Press name

has not been discovered in any books after 1917, but very few Elder publications of a later date were examined. According to an article in the *Quarterly News-Letter* of The Book Club of California, Spring, 1948, Paul Elder himself withdrew from active publishing in 1915.

British Private Presses and their Background*

THIS IS an exhibition with a thesis. It is an attempt to show, within a comparatively limited space, the modern interest in fine printing in Great Britain. At the same time an attempt is made to indicate its background both in the past and present, as well as the influence it has brought to bear, and the benefits it has received from outside its limited sphere.

Within our terms of reference we may distinguish three kinds of books: (1) those not printed for sale at all (strictly speaking these are the only books that can be called "privately printed"); (2) those printed in small numbers, but offered for sale, whether through the trade or not; (3) those published in the ordinary way by commercial publishers.

All three sections overlap to some extent. For example, although Horace Walpole undoubtedly started the Strawberry Hill Press for his own amusement, and although some of its productions were not on sale, yet the very first book printed there gives Dodsley's name in the imprint, as the book-seller from whom copies could be obtained.

On the other hand, a publishing firm like the Nonesuch Press, nearly all of whose books were printed commercially and for sale, issued one or two opuscula for private distribution only.

Again, whereas all of the earlier publications of the Golden Cockerel Press were produced by hand, machine setting and commercial printing are now frequently resorted to.

*This article is composed of excerpts from Percy H. Muir's *Foreword* to a catalog for a current London book exhibition; it reveals the present British approach to fine printing.

Moreover, inclusion in any of the three categories neither precludes nor presupposes fine printing. There is nothing especially distinguished about the books of the Strawberry Hill Press. Baskerville, before it began, and Bulmer and Bensley before it closed down, produced work infinitely superior to its best. Daniel's claim to notice is less for the quality of his work than for his resurrection of Fell's types; whereas the influence of the Kelmscott, Ashendene and Doves Presses has been incalculable. Furthermore, some of the finest examples of modern printing in this exhibition are commercially produced.

Morris, with all his faults, and despite his frequent departure from his own canons, is really the founder of the modern cult of fine printing. The principles that he laid down may be evaded only with peril. Others improved on his methods; Ricketts' Avon type is better than Morris's Golden type; the Doves Press books breathe more of the modern spirit than any Kelmscott. But Morris was the first to call for new type designs, and the first to regard the "opening," or double-page, as the unit of sound production; above all, he was the first to insist that only first-class workmanship at every stage can result in a first-class product.

But while all this is true for modern times, Morris was equally the first to point out that the very earliest printers of all did work that has never been excelled. We know that this was partly because they found themselves in competition with the beautifully hand-written and illuminated books of the period; but the fact remains. The fact also remains that some early printers, like Caxton himself, who were less concerned to compete with scribes than to find a less laborious method of reproducing their own works, neither aspired to, nor achieved, the highest level of printing.

One of the most remarkable features of printing everywhere, and one that we have tried to bring out in this exhibition, is its continuity. There is a kind of almost apostolic succession in the way that, for example, William Martin came from Baskerville to cut new types for Bulmer, who himself learned his trade with Bell, and remembered his early experiences in proofing the wood-engravings of his young friend Bewick, with the result that he made more effective use of them than any other book producer.

Or, again, consider the persistence of Caslon's fine type designs;

or the recurrent use, in more modern times, of the punch-cutting accuracy of Edward Prince, the powerful influence of Emery Walker, and the widespread ramifications of the work of Edward Johnston and Eric Gill.

There are, however, features of modern book production that are almost entirely novel. One is the emergence of the typographer, by which is meant a person who may or may not be himself a working printer, but whose business it is to lay out a design for each particular book entrusted to his care, as a separate unit. The other outstanding revolution in printing is the perfection of mechanical type-casting and composing.

From these two novel features we may deduce two conclusions. The first is that initiative in the production of fine books is gradually passing from the printer to the publisher. The days when a publisher simply forwarded his manuscripts to the printer, and left to him the selection of types and paper, are vanishing. Most of the large publishing houses now have their production managers, and the elegance of the final product results from their degree of ability and knowledge. The University Presses, where some of the finest of modern work is produced, combine the functions of printer and publisher, and each appoints a production manager, who is called the Printer to the Press.

The second conclusion is that modern commercial printing owes its impetus and its progress primarily to the amateur, who, in his turn, stands on the shoulders of the great professionals of the past. Experiment demands considerable courage and resource on the part of the professional. This was still possible when the equipment of a printing shop was comparatively modest; although experiment on the scale of Baskerville, for example, was already a venturesome and costly undertaking, with inadequate return to the pioneer.

To the amateur, on the other hand, experiment is the breath of life: and when an amateur is on the scale of Emery Walker, originally a process engraver, or an Edward Johnston, originally a physician, or an Eric Gill, originally an architectural draughtsman, the effect is dynamic, and commercial book production is affected in all its departments. The sequel is the emergence of a whole generation of experts in book design capable of adapting to the exigencies of commercial production the lessons learned

from the amateurs. If any excuse were needed for such an exhibition as this it is surely to be found here.

ℂ Elected to Membership

The following have been elected to membership since the Summer issue of the News-Letter:

MEMBER	ADDRESS	SPONSOR
Lawrence Barrett, Jr.	San Mateo	Mrs. Elizabeth Downs
Donald C. Biggs	San Francisco	Howard Willoughby
Edward R. Boland, S. J.	Santa Clara	Harold C. Holmes
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten	Pacific Palisades	Miss Constance Spencer
Duane Deakins	Altadena	Charles P. Yale
Robert de Roos	Millbrae	Thompson S. Weikel
Albert A. DeVoto	San Francisco	W. C. Mittelberg
James M. Dille	Seattle, Washington	Joel E. Ferris
E. P. Elliott	London, England	B. F. Schlesinger
Frank L. Fenton	San Francisco	Albert Sperisen
Horace Hart	Rochester, New York	P. K. Thomajan
Mrs. Alexandra Field Meyer	San Francisco	Warren Howell
Herbert C. Moffitt, Jr.	San Francisco	T. M. Lilienthal
Guilford Nethaway	San Francisco	W. C. Mittelberg
Erwin Rosenthal	Berkeley	Warren Howell
Elmer Schlesinger	San Francisco	Mrs. John I. Walter
Adrian Wilson	San Francisco	Mrs. Elizabeth Downs
Thornton Woodbury, Jr.	Beverly Hills	Francis L. Gould
State Historical Society	Wisconsin	Mrs. Elizabeth Downs
University of Nevada	Reno, Nevada	B. F. Schlesinger

ℂ Vacation Notice

This year, as last, the Club's annual vacation period will take place during the final two weeks of September, and the office will therefore be closed from September 16 to October 2.

ℂ Pioneer Western Playbills

The Club's 1951 Keepsakes were auspiciously launched in April with the mailing of the first four units of this twelve-part series. These consist of facsimilies of the programs of the following memorable early-day performances: Julia Dean Hayne in *Camille*, Adah Isaacs Menken in *Mazeppa*, the incomparable Lotta Crabtree in *Little Nell and the Marchioness*, and the "Grand Opening of the California Theater" at San Francisco in 1869. Each is enclosed in a handsome folder printed by Alfred and Lawton Kennedy at the Westgate Press, Oakland, and contains commentaries on the plays and actors by Frank L. Fenton (the editor of the series), Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Oscar Lewis, and Donald C. Briggs, respectively.

The Book Club of California

The next four numbers of this entertaining and historically important series are now in preparation and should reach members sometime in September. These will present reproductions of the programs of Laura Keene in *London Assurance*, with commentary by Eleanor McClatchy; Annette Ince and Junius Brutus Booth Jr. in *As You Like It*, the commentary for which was written by Dr. Margery Bailey; *All Is Not Gold That Glitters*, presented at Topliffe's Theater, Virginia City; and the opening of *La Boheme* in Los Angeles, the opera's first performance in America. The commentaries on the two last-named were written by William C. Miller and Harold Swann.

The final group of four is now being planned and will be distributed before the end of the year, thus completing what promises to be one of the most highly prized of all the Club Keepsakes.

¶ Exhibition Note

From September 1 to November 3, the Club will have on exhibit a selection of the works of Bruce Rogers, designer of some of the most beautiful of modern types and an honorary member of the Club.

As the vacation period will come during the middle of the exhibition, attention is again called to the fact that the Club will be closed the last two weeks of September.

Following the Bruce Rogers show, there will be, in November, a comprehensive showing of the publications of the Ward Ritchie Press.

¶ Notes on Publications

During the coming months the Club's publishing program promises to be both active and varied.

By the time this issue of the *News-Letter* reaches them members will already have received an announcement of the first 1951 title: Bret Harte's *San Francisco in 1866*. This first appearance in book form of Harte's virtually unknown correspondence to the *Springfield Republican* presents a vivid and extremely interesting picture of life in San Francisco and elsewhere in the state during the period soon after the close of the Civil War. The book, with an introduction and notes by George R. Stewart and Edwin S. Fussell, and handsomely printed in an edition of 400 copies by the Grabhorn Press, gives promise of becoming one of the most sought-after titles the Club has issued in recent years, and initial orders have therefore been limited to one copy to each member. For this reason it is strongly urged that those who have not yet forwarded their applications do so without delay.

Plans for the Club's annual Christmas book have now been completed and, although a detailed announcement will presently be sent out, we can't resist giving members some advance information here. It will be the first reprinting of M'Ilvaine's *Sketches of Scenery and Notes of Personal Adventure in California and Mexico*, first published in Philadelphia in 1850, and long recognized as one of the rarest and most attractive of Gold Rush publications. The outstanding feature of the book is its sixteen full-page lithographic plates, all of which have

been reproduced with remarkable fidelity to the originals. Robert Glass Cleland has written an introduction to the Club's edition and the volume is being designed and printed by the Grabhorn Press. Further details, including price and number of copies, will be announced soon.

A third title, scheduled to appear early in 1952, is *The Coppa Murals: A Pageant of Bohemian Life in San Francisco at the Turn of the Century*, by Warren W. Unna, with a foreword by Joseph Henry Jackson. From all present indications this promises to be a unique and uncommonly attractive addition to the literary history of the city during the lively decade that ended in 1906. This is being designed and printed by Adrian Wilson, printer at the Sign of the Interplayers.

ℂ Gifts to the Library

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE, after a period of relative inactivity during the Summer months, plans this Fall to inaugurate a program designed to assemble for the use of members a comprehensive library of the standard reference works in the various fields of book-collecting, including bibliographies of collected authors, auction records, works on the history of printing, fine presses, and allied subjects. Full details will be announced later; meantime, the following gifts to the library are acknowledged with thanks:

In Memoriam, Alfred Tennyson. (6th edition, 1855, with fore-edge painting); *San Francisco Municipal Reports for Fiscal Year 1908-9. Gifts of* B. F. SCHLESINGER.

Sixty-five imprints of the Eucalyptus Press including nineteen bound books. *Gifts of* MISS ROSALIND A. KEEP.

A Chinese *New Testament* (with fore-edge painting); *The Poetical Works of George Keate, Esq.*, Vol. 1 & Vol. 2. (J. Dodsley, Pall-Mall, 1781); *The Poetical Works of Thomas Parnell.* (Aldine edition, William Pickering, 1833.) *Gifts of* MISS LILLIAN ROARK.

The Press of Southern California, Ben C. Truman; *The Aiken Bible.* (With an original leaf, introduction by Edgar J. Goodspeed); *The Colorado River*, J. B. Kipp; and other imprints of the Press of Muir Dawson. *Gifts of* MUIR DAWSON.

Imprints from the Private Press of Robert Reid. *Gifts of* ROBERT REID.

Sources of Information in the American Graphic Arts, George J. Mills. *Gift of* GEORGE J. MILLS.

The Rebellious Welsh, Louie Butler Elwood and J. W. Elwood Jr.; *The Patio Cook Book*, Helen Evans Brown; *Chafing Dish Book*, Helen Evans Brown. (Imprints of the Ward Ritchie Press.) *Gifts of* WARD RITCHIE and MRS. GREGG ANDERSON.

Four Ghost Stories, Sara Gerstle. (Adrian Wilson, printer at the Sign of the Interplayers.) *Gift of* SARA GERSTLE.

Playtime and Praytime, Beatrice Judd Ryan. (Wallace Kibbee & Son.) *Gift of* BEATRICE JUDD RYAN.

Daniel Berkeley Updike and the Merrymount Press, George Parker Winship. (The Printing House of Leo Hart.) *Gift of* HORACE HART.

Bookbindings, John P. Harthan. (Illustrated Booklet, No. 2, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.) *Gift of* JOHN W. BORDEN.

First Duet, Patricia Healy Evans and Henry Herman Evans. (The Peregrine Press.) *Gift of* HENRY HERMAN EVANS.

The Art of the French Book, edited by André Lejard. (Les Éditions du Chêne, Paris); *Library of Congress Quarterly Journal*, Vol. 8, No. 1, Nov. 1950. (*Sesquicentennial issue.*) *Gifts of* WILSON DUPREY.

There is "A Time to Laugh," Dedication of Room for Housing of Schmulowitz Jest Book Collection, San Francisco Public Library. *Gift of* NAT SCHMULOWITZ.

Cable Car Carnival, Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. (Limited edition.) *Gift of* GRAHAME HARDY.

The House in Mallorca, Ernest Ingold. *Gift of* PAUL ELDER.

Ark of Empire, Idwal Jones. *Gift of* HOWARD CADY, DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Geological Guidebook Along Highway 49—Sierra Gold Belt: *The Mother Lode Country* (Centennial edition), prepared under direction of Olaf P. Jenkins; *The Elephant As They Saw It*, a Collection of Contemporary Pictures and Statements on Gold Mining in California, assembled by Elisabeth L. Egenhoff. *Gifts of* OLAF P. JENKINS and ELISABETH L. EGENHOFF.

ℂ Miscellany

SAN FRANCISCO'S *Fifth Annual Art Festival* will be held at the Palace of Fine Arts from October 16 to 21. The Club will take part by putting in an exhibition of current fine printing of the Bay Area. This will be a cross section of the work of both professional and amateur printers and will be the first exhibit of its type to be held in San Francisco since the World's Fair in 1939 and 1940.

In charge, will be the Club's Exhibit Committee headed by Albert Sperisen, with John W. Borden and Robert N. Bloch assisting.

THE JUNE issue of the California Historical Society *Quarterly* contains the first installment of "The Book Trade In California, 1849–1859," by Hugh Sanford Cheney Baker. In the same number is a highly interesting bit of local literary lore entitled "Kipling's San Francisco Debut," by Irving McKee.

THE PRINTERS' VALHALLA is the name given by The Printing House of Leo Hart of Rochester, N. Y., to a series of books which it has been publishing on printers who have contributed most to the development of bookmaking. The first four are now completed and have been received at the Club's library: *Daniel Berkeley Updike and The Merrymount Press* by George Parker Winship, *Isaiah Thomas* by Dr. Clifford K. Shipton, *Gregory Dexter* by Bradford F. Swan, and *Peter Schoeffer* by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt. These four highly important biographical studies will be reviewed in the next issue of the *News-Letter*.

MEMBERS who enjoyed reading Jacob Kainen's monograph on George Clymer and the Columbian Press, published last year by the Club, will be interested in hearing that an example of this press was located recently at Milan, Italy. It bears the original manufacturer's name plate reading: "Columbian Press, invented by George Clymer of Philadelphia manufactured for the Tipografia Guidi of Bologna by Fred Schiott in Copenhagen in 1832."

Quarterly News Letter

PAUL A. BENNETT has just forwarded to his publishers, the World Book Company, the manuscript for *Books and Printing, A Treasury for Typophiles.* To be published in November, some thirty essays are included and about twenty type faces will be used. Although one basic type face will be chosen for the text, other faces will be employed when particularly suitable to an essay. Thus Bruce Rogers' piece will be set in Centaur, Rudolph Ruzicka in Fairfield, Joseph Blumenthal in Emerson and Aldus Manutius in Bembo.

THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF PRINTERS, one of the oldest of such organizations in this country, will meet October 3d at the Hingham Studio of William Addison Dwiggins. Dwiggins has, since the middle 'twenties, been greatly restricted in his travels by illness, so this meeting will provide an opportunity for many who have been influenced by his work to spend an evening in his good company.

BRUCE ROGERS has recently been designing a series of typographical chess pieces. Chess enthusiasts who follow the diagrams in periodicals will welcome this news as the typographic material available for this use up to now has been very mediocre and uninspired. These are being designed for a chess book which will be published later this year.

Ecclesiastes, as a text, has been interpreted by many private presses: the mighty prose stimulates the designer; its brevity invites hand-setting. Most recently, it has been printed by Carroll Coleman at the Prairie Press, Iowa City in a 25

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page pamphlet. It has been hand-set in American Uncial, cut by Victor Hammer; the paper is W & A ash white Arak; the price is $1, and well worth it.

In the fall issue of the Book Club *Quarterly*, 1949, we reviewed with great pleasure and much enthusiasm the first book of William Everson at his Equinox Press in Berkeley. In re-reading that review, your reviewer blushes at his unabashed usage of glowing adjectives — because there aren't any adjectives left to describe Mr. Everson's latest and greatest effort.

Triptych for the Living, being Christian poems by the printer, with engravings by Mary Fabilli, is truly a magnificent book. It has been printed on a hand press on dampened Tovil handmade paper, handset in Hammer Uncial type, in an edition of two hundred copies, and bound in full natural goat vellum. Again, Mr. Everson has himself done the entire job of setting, printing and binding in an incredibly faultless manner. Almost every type-character has been individually refitted by hand to conform to the printer's meticulous craftsmanship. The press work is beyond criticism. And the binding in limp vellum makes a beautiful cover for a collection of beautiful poems.

Since the printing of his first book of poems, Mr. Everson has entered the Dominican Order where he is known as Brother Antoninus, and where his press is now known as the Seraphim Press. Inquiries may be addressed to him at St. Albert's College, 6172 Chabot Road, Oakland.

Like his first one, this book is a "must" for all collectors of fine printing and is modestly priced at $12.50 including tax.

A rare book reprinted . . .

MOUNTAINS and MOLEHILLS

or Recollections of a Burnt Journal

by Frank Marryat

with editorial comment and annotations by Marguerite Eyer Wilbur

Frank Marryat's book, which first appeared in 1855, is a breezy account of a young Englishman's adventure in California during the Gold Rush. It is a gay, informal memoir of San Francisco, the Russian River country, the Southern Mines, and the "mushroom" cities. Prominent Californians of the period are described, as well as the somewhat florid social life of the frontier. Amusing pen and ink drawings by the author.

To be published November 12 at $5.00
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STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Stanford, Calif.